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H Y M N S
FOR
S U N D A Y S C H O O L S
SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Let children join the hosts above,
Now in their youngest days ;
Remember their Creator's love,
And sing their Saviour's praise.

NEW-YORK :
PUBLISHED BY G. LANE & C. B. TIPPETT,
For the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Conference
Office, 200 Mulberry-street.

J. Collord, Printer
1846.

**Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year
1841, by G. LANE & P. P. SANDFORD, in the Clerk's
Office of the District Court of the Southern District
of New-York**

PREFACE

THIS hymn-book has been prepared at the suggestion of several friends who thought the Sunday-school hymn-books hitherto in use among us were in some respects defective. The present collection will be found to contain a great variety of hymns suited to the capacities of children, and also of hymns for special occasions. As far as was practicable the hymns have been classed under appropriate heads, so that persons may readily turn to hymns on almost any subject or occasion they may wish.

As many of the hymns in this volume were not originally composed with a view to their use in Sunday schools, it has occasionally been found necessary to make a few verbal alterations to adapt them to that purpose. On the principle of rendering honour to whom it is due the author's name has been put to each hymn when it could be traced with any degree of certainty.

The collection, such as it is, is now offered to the public in the hope that if it be not found all

that is desired, it will at least be regarded as an improvement on its predecessors. S. B. W.

New-York, August 4, 1841.

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H Y M N S.

ATTRIBUTES, WORKS, AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

LONG.

1.

DODDRIDGE.

GOD is a Spirit none can see,
He ever was, and e'er shall be ;
Present where'er his creatures dwell,
Through earth and sea, through heaven and
hell.

2 His eyes, with infinite survey,
View all the realms in full display ;
What has been, is, or shall be done,
Or here, or there, to him is known.

3 The bounty of his gracious hands
Wide as the world he made extends,
And, though himself completely bless'd,
With pity looks on the distress'd.

4 All that is glorious, good, and great,
Does in the Lord Jehovah meet ;
Then to his name be glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

COMMON.

2.

WATTS.

HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
 Who reigns above the sky!
 How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful majesty?

2 How great his power is, none can tel',
 Nor think how large his grace;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before his face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
 Can search his secret will;
 But they perform his heavenly word,
 And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
 And my first offerings bring;
 The eternal God will not disdain
 To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
 And angels shall rejoice,
 To hear their mighty Maker's praise
 Sound from a feeble voice.

COMMON

3.

WATTS.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise;
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies!

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them "good."
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn my eye !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care :
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with his eye :
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh !

SEVENS.

4.

WESLEY.

HAPPY child whom God doth aid !
God our souls and bodies made ;
God on us in gracious showers
Blessings every moment pours :
Compasses with angel bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands ;

Parents, friends, 'twas God bestow'd ;
Life and all descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread ;
God refreshes in the air,
Covers with the clothes we wear :
Feeds us with the food we eat,
Cheers us by his light and heat,
Makes his sun on us to shine ;
All our blessings are divine.

3 Man we for his kindness love,
How much more our God above !
Give him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive :
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honour'd and adored :
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

COMMON.

5.

ADDISON

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When I, a helpless infant, hung
Upon my mother's breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes these gifts with joy

6 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The pleasing theme renew.

7 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

8 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise :
 But, O ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

LONG.

6.

WATTS.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God ;

- Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds ;
- 2 These, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings ;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do !
We would adore our Maker too !
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
But O ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below :
Be short our tunes, our words be few !
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

COMMON.

7.

WESLEY.

- T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear :
That saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound ;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A Rock that cannot move :
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

COMMON.

8.

TAYLOR.

- G**OD made the world, in every land
His love and power are shown :
All are protected by his hand,
Though few his goodness own.
- 2 In forest shades, and silent plains,
Where feet have never trod,
There in his mighty power he reigns,
The ever-present God.
- 3 All the inhabitants of earth
Who dwell beneath the sun,

Of different nations, name, and birth.
He knows them every one.

4 Alike the rich and poor are known,
The polish'd and the wild :
He sees the king upon his throne,
And every little child.

5 He knows the worthy from the vile,
And sends his mercy down :
None are too mean to share his smile,
Or to provoke his frown.

6 Great God ! and since thy piercing eye
My inmost heart can see,
Teach me from every sin to fly,
And give that heart to thee.

EIGHTS AND SEVENS.

9.

ROBINSON.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name ?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Amen.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.

3 For thy providence that governs,
Through thine empire's wide domain,

- Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;
 Blessed be thy gentle reign !
- 4 But thy rich and free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along !
 Thought is poor, and poor expression ;
 Who dares sing that awful song ?
- 5 Brightness of thy Father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ?
 Flee my tongue such guilty silence,
 Sing the Lord who came to die !
- 6 Did archangels sing thy coming ?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays ?
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse thy praise.
- 7 From the highest throne of glory
 To the cross of deepest wo !
 For such love to guilty captives,
 May thy praise for ever flow !

COMMON.

10.

RHODES.

- COME, let us join our God to praise,
 Whose mercy knows no end ;
 To him our cheerful voices raise,
 Our Father and our Friend.
- 2 In tender infancy his care
 Preserved our lives from harm :
 And now he keeps us from the snare
 Of sin's deceitful charm.

- 3 He gives us friends who seek our good,
And strive to make us wise ;
His bounteous hand provides our food,
And all our wants supplies.
- 4 With grateful praise we will proclaim
The mercies of our God ;
And tell of all His wondrous fame,
Who bought us with his blood.

SEVENS.

11.

- G**OD is goodness, wisdom, power,
Love him, praise him evermore ;
Let us strive, and never cease,
Him in every thing to please.
- 2 Born for this intent we are,
Our Creator to declare,
God to love, and serve, and praise,
God to honour all our days.
- 3 Lift we then our hearts to God,
Like the church above employ'd ;
Day and night the angels sing
Praises to their heavenly King.
- 4 Him that sitteth on the throne,
Him that died for men t' atone,
God and the triumphant Lamb,
They eternally proclaim.
- 5 Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Live by heaven and earth adored,

Fill'd with thee, let all things cry,
Glory be to God Most High.

COMMON.

12.

WATTS.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see !

What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me ?

2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more ;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3 How many children in the street
Half naked I behold ;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal ;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

6 Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest ?

Then let me love thee more than they,
And strive to serve thee best.

COMMON.

13.

DR. THOMSON.

JEHOVAH God ! thy gracious power
 On every hand we see ;
 O may the blessings of each hour
 Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
 To earth's remotest bound,
 Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
 Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
 And reaches to the skies ;
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
 Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
 The hand of God we see !
 And all the blessings we receive,
 Ceaseless, proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
 On thee our hopes depend ;
 In every age, in every clime,
 Our Father and our Friend.

LONG.

14.

TAYLOR.

AMONG the deepest shades of night
 Can there be one who sees my way ?
 Yes ; God is as a shining light,
 That turns the darkness into day.

- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,
 May I not sin without control ?
 No ; for a constant watch he keeps,
 On every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
 Where human feet had never trod,
 Yet there I could not be alone—
 On every side there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell,
 He fills the earth, the air, the sea ;
 I must within his presence dwell,
 I cannot from his anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee ; he shows me where ;
 To Jesus Christ he bids me fly ;
 And while I seek for pardon there,
 There's only mercy in his eye.

COMMON.

15.

MONTGOMERY.

- G**OD, in the high and holy place,
 Looks down upon the spheres ;
 Yet in his providence and grace,
 To every eye appears.
- 2 In every stream his bounty flows,
 Diffusing joy and wealth ;
 In every breeze his Spirit blows,
 The breath of life and health.
- 3 His blessings fall in plenteous showers,
 Upon the lap of earth,

That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

4 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound ;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found.

SEVENS.

16.

POOOR and needy though I be,
God my Maker cares for me ;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day,
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I ;
He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labour here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile ;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

COMMON.

17.

WESLEY.

HAIL ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three ;

Of thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of thee.

2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen ;
Thou art a spirit pure,
Who from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.

3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see,
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

4 Whate'er thou wilt thou dost below,
And in the world above ;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Th' Almighty God is love.

5 Mercy, and love, and endless grace,
O'er all thy works do reign ;
But mostly thou delight'st to bless
Thy favourite creature—man.

6 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise design'd ;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

COMMON.

18.

WATTS.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings ;
With thy loved name rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky !
 How glorious to behold !
 Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the wond'ring sight,
 Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
 With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength and equal skill
 Shine through the world abroad,
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder God.
- 5 But the mild glories of thy grace
 Our softer passions move ;
 Pity divine in Jesus' face,
 We see, adore, and love.

LONG.

19.

WATTS.

- B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
 High as the heaven our voices raise,

And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move

COMMON. 20.

LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me ;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestow'd by thee.

2 'Tis thou preservest me from death
And danger every hour ;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless thou give me power.

3 My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given ;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

EIGHTS. 21. HART

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,

Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end :

2 'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We 'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that 's to come.

COMMON.

22.

WATTS.

O GOD ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone :
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 O God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guide while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

THE SCRIPTURES.

COMMON.

23.

RIPPON.

HOW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given !
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears ;
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way ;
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

SHORT.

24.

WATTS.

BEHOLD the lofty sky
 Declares ~~its~~ maker God ;
 And all his starry works on high
 Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
 Still keep their course the same,

While night to day, and day to night.
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 But let us more rejoice,
That he reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us "know the Lord."

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit ;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

COMMON.

25.

STEELE

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimers sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

LONG.

26.

TAYLOR.

- T**HIS is a precious book indeed !
Happy the child that loves to read !
'Tis God's own word which he has given
To show our souls the way to heaven !
- 2 It tells us how the world was made ;
And how good men the Lord obey'd ;
Here his commands are written too,
To teach us what we ought to do.
- 3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die :

It tells of heaven, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

4 But what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us, Jesus died !
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

5 Let us be thankful, that we may
Read this good Bible every day :
'Tis God's own word which he has given
To show our souls the way to heaven.

SEVENS.

27.

WESLEY.

O THAT I, like Timothy,
Might the Holy Scriptures know
From mine early infancy,
Till for God mature I grow !
Made unto salvation wise,
Ready for the glorious prize !

2 Jesus, all-redeeming Lord,
Full of truth, and full of grace,
Make me understand thy word ;
Teach me in my youthful days
Wonders in thy word to see,
Wise through faith which is in thee.

3 Open thou mine eyes of faith ;
Open now the book of God ;
Show me here the sacred path
Leading to thy bless'd abode :

Wisdom from above impart,
Speak the meaning to my heart.

COMMON.

28.

WATTS.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look :

But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction given :
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been ;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

5 Here may I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell :
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

6 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SEVENS.

29.

HOLY Bible ! book divine !

Precious treasure ! thou art mine !
 Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
 Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
 Mine, to show a Saviour's love ·
 Mine art thou to guide my feet,
 Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless ;
 Mine, to show by living faith
 Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom ;
 O thou precious book divine !
 Precious treasure ! thou art mine !

SHORT.

30.

WATTS

BEHOLD the morning sun

Begins his glorious way !
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And light and life convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light !
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.

- 3** How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just !
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4** I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 5** My gracious God ! how plain
Are thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But learn my way to heaven !

COMMON.

31.

STENNETT

- L**ET avarice from shore to shore
Her favourite god pursue ;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.
- 2** The counsels of redeeming grace
Its sacred leaves unfold :
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 3** Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet :
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 4** Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied ;

Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

5 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

THE SABBATH.

LONG.

32.

STENNETT.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest—
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

2 O, may our prayers and praises rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he who feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Prepares for that eternal rest
Which for the sons of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

COMMON.

33.

WATTS.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
 So early from the dead ;
 Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
 And waste my hours in bed ?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
 The power of death and hell ;
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
 And love my sins so well ?

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
 To pray and hear thy word ;
 And I would go with cheerful feet
 To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
 And so prepare for heaven ;
 O may I love this blessed day
 The best of all the seven.

LONG.

34.

TAYLOR.

THIS day belongs to God alone ;
 He chose the sabbath for his own ;
 And we must neither work nor play,
 Because it is God's holy day.

2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
 That we may learn the way to heaven ;
 Then let us spend it as we should,
 In serving God and growing good.

3 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek
 What we may think of all the week ;
 And be the better every day,
 For what we hear our teachers say.

4 And every sabbath should be pass'd
 As if we knew it were our last :
 What would the dying sinner give
 To have one sabbath more to live !

LONG.

35.

THUS far we're spared again to meet
 Before Jehovah's mercy seat ;
 To seek his face, to praise and pray,
 And hail another sabbath day.

2 Let every tongue its silence break,
 Let every tongue his goodness speak,
 Who deigns his glory to display
 On each returning Sabbath day.

COMMON.

36.

S. WESLEY.

THE Lord, of sabbath let us praise,
 In concert with the bless'd ;
 Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
 Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
 We bless'd and pious grow ;
 By hymns of praise we learn to be
 Triumphant here below.

- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind hath bought
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak the world from naught
'Twas greater to redeem.

SEVENS.

37.

NEWTON

SAFELY through another week
God hath brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek
On this holy sabbath day ;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord, our praise demand ;
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourish'd by thy bounteous hand ;
Now from worldly care set free,
May we spend this day with thee.

3 May our thoughts to thee arise,
May we feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear ;
And may all our sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

LONE

38.

RHODES.

THE Lord commands his day shall be
 A day of holiness and prayer ;
 A day of rest from industry,
 From vain pursuits, and worldly care.

2 The rude, the ignorant, and base,
 The Lord's most holy sabbath break ;
 They run from all the means of grace,
 And by their sin destruction seek !

3 When children in their early days
 Begin the sabbath to profane ;
 Led by example in the ways
 Of wickedness and pleasures vain ;

4 The Lord of sabbath they despise,
 More harden'd in their baseness grow ;
 Till mighty vengeance from the skies
 Shall hurl them down to endless wo.

COMMON.

39.

COME, let us join with one accord
 In hymns around the throne ;
 This is the day our risen Lord
 Hath made and call'd his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
 The brightest of the seven ;
 Type of that everlasting rest
 The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all, our days below
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

SIXES AND EIGHTS. 40.

JESUS, our holy Lord,
Thy name we join to sing,
Who didst on this glad day
Complete salvation bring;
We bless the Lord, who from the grave
Arose again, lost man to save.

2 O Lord, forgive the child
Who plays and sins away
The mercies we enjoy
On this thy sacred day;
For here we learn to serve the Lord,
And sing his praise, and hear his word

3 Through thy redeeming blood,
O Saviour, set us free;
Assisted by thy grace,
O may we live to thee:
And take us, Lord, when we shall die,
To dwell with thee above the sky.

SHORT.

42.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
 Thy glorious name to sing,
 To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
 And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
 Thy boundless love to tell ;
 And when approach the shades of night,
 Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
 To join in heart and voice,
 With those, who love and serve thee best,
 And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
 Be every sabbath given,
 That such may be our blest employ
 Eternally in heaven.

LONG.

42.

TAYLOR.

WE 'VE pass'd another sabbath day,
 And heard of Jesus and of heaven :
 We thank thee for thy word, and pray
 That this day's sins may be forgiven.

2 Forgive our inattention, Lord,
 Our looks and thoughts that went astray ;
 Forgive our carelessness abroad ;
 At home, our idleness and play.

- 3 May all we heard and understood
 Be well remember'd through the week,
 And help to make us wise and good,
 More humble, diligent, and meek.
- 4 So when our lives are finish'd here,
 And days and sabbaths shall be o'er,
 May we above in heaven appear,
 To serve and love thee evermore.
-

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LONG.

43.

TAYLOR.

WHEN to the house of God we go,
 To hear his word, and sing his love,
 We ought to worship him below,
 As saints and angels do above.

- 2 They stand before his presence now,
 And praise him better far than we,
 Who only at his footstool bow,
 • And love him though we cannot see.
- 3 But God is present everywhere,
 And watches all our thoughts and ways ;
 He marks who humbly join in prayer,
 And who sincerely sing his praise.
- 4 The triflers, too, his eye can see,
 Who only *seem* to take a part ;
 They move the lip, and bend the knee,
 But do not seek him with the heart.

5 O may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given,
But learn, by sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in heaven !

SEVENS.

44.

MONTGOMERY.

TO thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
Heavenly Father ! give me grace,
In thy courts to seek thy face.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

5 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through thy voice, by faith may I
Hear Thee speaking from on high.

6 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,

And at evening let me say,
—I have walk'd with God to-day.

COMMON.

45.

THE eye of God is everywhere
To watch the sinner's ways ;
He sees who join in humble prayer,
And who in solemn praise.

2 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Can pierce and search us through ;
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view.

3 The universe, in every part,
At once before thee lies ;
And every thought of every heart
Is open to thine eyes.

4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise
With fervent, holy love ;
And fit us by thy word of grace
To worship thee above.

LONG.

46.

WATTS.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below :

Not all my pleasure nor my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

SHORT.

47.

LORD, fix our wandering thoughts,
Thy sacred word to hear,
With deep attention and with love,
With reverence and with fear.

2 Let us remember still
That God is present here,
And let our hearts be all engaged
When we draw near in prayer.

3 And when the humble notes
Of praise our lips employ,
Give us to taste the sweet delight
Which saints in heaven enjoy.

4 O may thy sacred word
Sink deep in every breast ,
And let us all by grace be brought
To Christ the promised rest.

LONE.

48.

IN God's own house for me to play,
 While Christians meet to hear and pray
 Is to profane his holy place,
 And tempt the Almighty to his face.

2 When angels bow before the Lord,
 And devils tremble at his word,
 Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare
 To mock, and sport, and trifle there?

3 Great God! compassionate and mild,
 Forgive the follies of a child;
 Teach me to pray and mind thy word,
 That I may learn to serve the Lord.

SEVENS.

49.

RIPPON.

LORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow;
 O! do not our suit disdain;
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
 In compassion now descend;
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay;
 Lord, we know not how to go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Grant that all may seek and find,
Thee a gracious God, and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

LONG.

50.

DODDRIDGE.

LORD of the sabbath ! hear us pray,
In this thy house on this thy day ;
Accept as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from thy temple rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above :
O that we might that rest attain,
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain !

3 In thy bless'd kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free :
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun ;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin ,
So shall we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

SHORT.

51.

LORD, help us as we pray,
To come with hearts sincere,
And as we run in wisdom's way,
To seek thy blessing here.

2 Lord, help us as we sing,
To *mean* the words we use,
And not to mock our heavenly King,
And all his love abuse.

3 Lord, help us as we hear,
To treasure up thy word,
And not to-morrow to appear
As if it were unheard.

4 Lord, help us while we live,
Thy servants to abide ;
The aid of thy good Spirit give ;
In mercy be our guide.

5 Lord, help us when we die,
To reach yon heavenly shore,
That we with angel hosts on high
May praise thee evermore.

FALL OF MAN AND REDEMPTION BY CHRIST

LONG.

52.

WATTS.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean ;
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the race and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
 The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
 The law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face ;
 Our only refuge is thy grace ;
 No outward forms can make us clean ;
 The leprosy lies deep within.

4 When guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
 Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease :
 Lord, let us hear thy pardoning voice,
 Now bid our broken hearts rejoice.

COMMON.

53.

WATTS.

BLESS'D be the wisdom and the power
 The justice and the grace,
 That join'd in counsel to restore
 And save our ruin'd race.

2 Bless'd be the Lord, who sent his Son
 To take our flesh and blood :

- He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.
- 3 He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.
- 4 Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him raised on high !
He pleads his merits there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 5 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And, with a sovereign voice,
Shall call and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.
- 6 O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the bless'd assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace.

PECULIAR.

54.

WESLEY

- L**ET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind ;
T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus ! transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heaven ;

No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have,
 For Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
 It charms the hosts above;
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love;
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
 'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free;
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory;
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

COMMON.

55.

COWPER

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 O may I there, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away!

TENS AND ELEVENS. 56. WESLEY.

LET children proclaim their Saviour and King
 To Jesus's name hosannas we sing :
 Our best adoration to Jesus we give,
 Who purchased salvation for us to receive.

2 The meek Lamb of God from heaven came
 down,

To ransom with blood and make us his own ;
 He patiently suffer'd, our souls to redeem ;
 Let songs then be offer'd to Jesus's name.

3 To him let us give our earliest days,
 And thankfully live to publish his praise :
 Our lives shall confess him who came from above .
 Our tongues ever bless him, and tell of his love.

COMMON. 57. WESLEY.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace !

2 Jesus !—the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the prisoner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood avail'd for me.

4 For all our sins on him were laid
 The Lamb of God was slain :
 His soul was once an offering made
 For every soul of man.

SEVENS.

58.

EDMESTON.

WAS it not a dreadful death !
 Nail'd up to a cross on high !
 When He yielded up his breath,
 What an agonizing cry !

2 'Twas a dreadful death indeed,
 Dreadful as a death could be !
 Let me think too, while I read,
 All that pain he bore for me !

3 Surely I can never feel
 Half the love to him I ought :
 This he bore my soul to heal ;
 By this death my life he bought.

4 May I, as my minutes roll,
 Live to Him the crucified ;
 And, with all my heart and soul,
 Hate the sins for which he died.

COMMON.

59.

WATTS.

ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my Sovereign die ?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I !

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While thy dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself to thee ;
'Tis all that I can do.

EIGHTS AND SEVENS.

60.

NEWTON.

- ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But this Saviour died to have us,
Reconciled in him to God.
 - 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;

Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

LONG.

61.

WATTS.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw ; and, O amazing love !
He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O ! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when your highest notes you raise,
His love can ne'er be told !

EIGHTS AND SEVENS. 62.

MAY I love thee and adore thee,
 O thou bleeding, dying Lamb ;
 Teach my heart to bow before thee,
 Kindle there a sacred flame.

2 Teach me what I am by nature,
 How to lift my thoughts on high ;
 Teach me, O thou great Creator !
 How to live and how to die.

COMMON. 63. WESLEY.

JESUS, the name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky ;
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
 The name to sinners given ;
 It scatters all their guilty fear ;
 It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoners' fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head ;
 Power into helpless souls he speaks,
 And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace ;
 The arms of love that compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace !

SEVENS.

64.

TAYLOR.

LO, at noon 'tis sudden night !
Darkness covers all the sky !
Rocks are rending at the sight !
Children, can you tell me why ?
What can all these wonders be ?
Jesus dies on Calvary !

2 Nail'd upon the cross, behold
How his tender limbs are torn !
For a royal crown of gold
They have made him one of thorn :
Cruel hands that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind !

3 See ! the blood is falling fast
From his forehead and his side :
Hark ! he now has breathed his last ;
With a mighty groan he died ;
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die ?

4 He who was a King above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty he might save ;
Down to this sad world he flew,
For such little ones as you.

5 You were wretched, weak, and vile,
You deserved his holy frown ;

But he saw you with a smile,
And to save you hasten'd down.
Listen, children ! this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

SHORT.

65.

WESLEY.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast ?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest ?

2 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move ;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

3 To rescue me from wo,
Thou didst with all things part ;
Didst lead a suffering life below
To gain my worthless heart.

4 My worthless heart to gain,
The Lord of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

5 And can I yet delay
My little all to give ;
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive ?

6 Nay, but I yield, I yield !
I can hold out no more ;

I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror !

COMMON.

66.

WATT.

COME, let us join our cheerful song.
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongu
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

SEVENS.

67.

WESLEY.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing ;

Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works adored !
Hail, the everlasting Lord !
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, thou !
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away !

LONG.

68.

STENNETT

'TIS finish'd :—so the Saviour cried ;
And meekly bow'd his head, and died !
'Tis finish'd :—yes, the race is run,—
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that Heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd :—this my dying groan
Shall sin of every kind atone ;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last expiring breath

4 'Tis finish'd :—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd :
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

5 'Tis finish'd :—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round :
'Tis finish'd :—let the echo fly,
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

SHORT.

69.

TAYLOR.

IF Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

2 He says he loves to see
A broken-hearted one ;
He loves that sinners such as we
Should mourn for what we 've done.

3 'Tis not enough to *say*
We 're sorry and repent ;
Yet still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.

4 Repentance is, to leave
The sins we loved before ;
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

5 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray ;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

6 And since the Saviour came
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief, and humble shame,
May we at once begin.

SEVENS.

70.

WESLEY.

SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne ;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone !
Stone to flesh, O God, convert ;
Cast a look, and break my heart !

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove ;
All my inmost sins reveal ;
Sins against thy light and love,
Let me see, and let me feel ;
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again thy precious blood.

3 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican, distress'd ;
Stand, not daring to draw near ;
Smite on my unworthy breast ;
Groan the sinner's only plea,
" God be merciful to me ! "

4 O remember me for good,
 Passing through the mortal vale ;
 Show me the atoning blood,
 When my strength and spirit fail :
 Give my gasping soul to see
 Jesus crucified for me.

COMMON.

71.

WESLEY

O FOR that tenderness of heart
 Which bows before the Lord,
 Acknowledging how just thou art,
 And trembles at thy word !
 O for those humble, contrite tears,
 Which from repentance flow ;
 That consciousness of guilt which fears
 The long-suspended blow !
 2 Saviour, to me in pity give
 The sensible distress ;
 The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
 And bid me die in peace :
 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
 Before the evil come ;
 My spirit hide with saints above,
 My body in the tomb.

SHORT.

72.

WESLEY

O THAT I could repent,
 With all my idols part,
 And to thy gracious eye present
 An humble, contrite heart !

A heart with grief oppress'd
 For having grieved my God,
 A troubled heart that cannot rest
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.

2 Jesus on me bestow
 The penitent desire ;
 With true sincerity of wo
 My aching breast inspire :
 With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down ;
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone !

COMMON.

73.

WESLEY.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
 Who did the world redeem ;
 Who gave his life that I might live
 A life conceal'd in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
 My heart's extreme desire ;
 Live happy in my Saviour's love,
 And in his arms expire !

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
 That, kept by mercy's power,
 I may from every evil cease,
 And never grieve thee more.

4 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
 Thou pardoning God, descend ;

Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

5 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven ;
But let me feel thy blood applied.
And live and die forgiven.

EIGHTS AND SIXES. 74.

WESLEY.

AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who would'st not have me die,
But know the truth and live :
Open mine eyes to see thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove ;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 Thou bid'st us knock and enter in.
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find :
Thou bidst us ask thy grace, and have ;
Thou canst, thou wouldst this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

4 Be it according to thy word ;
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord ;
Let what I ask be given :

The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven !

LONG. 75. WESLEY

LORD, I despair myself to heal ;
I see my sin, but cannot feel :
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give :
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here, then, to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal—are thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call ;
My light, my life, my Lord, my all :
I wait the moving of the pool ;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure ,
Make my infected nature pure :
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart !

EARLY PIETY.

COMMON. 76.

COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youngest days ;
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

- 2 His majesty will not despise
 The day of feeble things ;
 Grateful the songs of children rise,
 And please the King of kings.
- 3 He loves to be remember'd thus,
 And honour'd for his grace ;
 Out of the mouths of babes like us,
 His wisdom perfects praise.
- 4 Glory to God, and praise, and power,
 Honour and thanks be given !
 Children and cherubim adore
 The Lord of earth and heaven.

COMMON.

77.

WATTS.

WHAT blest examples do I find
 Writ in the word of truth,
 Of children that began to mind
 Religion in their youth.

- 2 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
 And keeps the world in awe,
 Was once a child as young as I,
 And kept his Father's law.
- 3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
 (His parents wondering stand)
 Yet he obey'd his mother then,
 And came at her command.
- 4 Children their loud hosannas sung,
 And blest their Saviour's name ;

They gave him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

5 Samuel the child was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the Lord ;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

6 Then why should I so long delay
What others learn'd so young !
Let me not pass another day
Without this work begun.

EIGHTS AND SIXES.

78.

WESLEY

HAPPY beyond description, he
Who in the paths of piety
Loves from his birth to run !
Its ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all its paths are joy and peace,
And heaven on earth begun.

2 If this felicity were mine,
I every other would resign,
With just and holy scorn ;
Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,
And with the promised land in view,
Singing to God return.

LONG.

79.

RUSLING.

LORD, I am young, thy help I need,
For various foes beset my way ;
Be thou to me a friend indeed,
Nor let me from thy precepts stray.

- 2 My youthful heart with grace inspire,
To thee my every power incline ;
And may the pure, celestial fire,
Within my bosom ever shine.
- 3 O let the morning of my days
To thee and thee alone be given ;
Increase my love, approve my ways,
And guide me safely into heaven.

COMMON.

80.

- L**ORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.
- 2 A sinful creature I was born,
And from the birth I stray'd ;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain ;
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.
- 4 To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home
Their tears he 'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love ;

Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
 'To dwell with him above.

LONG.

81.

WE are but young—yet we may sing
 The praises of our heavenly King;
 He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
 And all the starry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—yet we have heard
 The gospel news, the heavenly word:
 If we despise the only way,
 Dreadful will be the judgment day.

3 We are but young—yet we must die,
 Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
 Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
 And find in Christ a hiding place.

4 We are but young—we need a guide;
 Jesus, in thee we would confide;
 O lead us in the path of truth,
 Protect and bless our helpless youth.

5 We are but young—yet God has shed
 Unnumber'd blessings on our head;
 Then let our youth and riper days
 Be all devoted to his praise.

COMMON.

82.

NEWTON.

LET us adore the grace that seeks
 To draw our hearts above;

'Tis God, the holy Saviour, speaks,
And every word is love.

2 O may the child that lives in sin,
Enslaved by Satan's power,
Meekly obey the call divine,
In this appointed hour.

3 "Come forth," he says, "no more pursue
The path that leads to death ;
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view ;
Look, and be saved by faith.

4 "My sons and daughters you shall be,
Through my atoning blood ;
And thou shalt claim and find in me
A Saviour and a God."

5 Lord, speak these words to every heart,
By thine almighty voice ;
Early from sin may we depart,
And make thy love our choice.

LONG.

83.

WATTS

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong ;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe,
That I was born on Christian ground ;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

- 3** How do I pity those who dwell
Where ignorance with darkness reigns !
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.
- 4** Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes, and my desire ;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.
- 5** Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven ;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

EIGHTS AND SEVENS. 84.

BIEST, beyond all earthly blessing,
Is the child whose tender youth,
In the Lord a guide possessing,
Walks in paths of light and truth.

2 He will govern those who love him :
Those who walk in faith and fear,
In all danger still shall prove him
Gracious, kind, and ever near.

3 Heavenly Father, let us prove thee
An all-wise, protecting Friend !
Make us fear thee, make us love thee,
Constant, to our latest end !

SHORT.

85.

FAWCETT

WITH humble heart and tongue,
 Great God, to thee we pray ;
 O may we learn, while we are young,
 To walk in wisdom's way !

2 Now in our early days
 Teach us thy will to know ;
 Great God, thy sanctifying grace
 Betimes on us bestow.

3 Make our defenceless youth
 The object of thy care ;
 Help us to choose the way of truth,
 And fly from every snare.

4 O let thy word of grace
 Our warmest thoughts employ ;
 Be this through all our following days
 Our treasure and our joy !

COMMON.

86.

WESLEY.

CALL'D in the morning of their day,
 How few like us are blest !
 Us, if we now the call obey,
 And fly to Jesus' breast.

2 Be this, O Lord, our one desire,
 To find our rest in thee ;
 To do whate'er thy laws require,
 In true simplicity.

3 The inward change, the second birth,
 By faith divine to prove,
 And practise all thy will on earth
 As angels do above.

SEVENS.

87.

RUSLING

JESUS, let a little child
 Humbly supplicate thy throne ;
 Speak to me in accents mild,
 O thou great and holy One.

2 Fill my youthful heart with grace,
 Make it thy beloved abode ;
 Show thy reconciling face,
 O my Father and my God !

3 May I early learn thy ways,
 Early know thy power and love ;
 Then devote to thee my days,
 Till I am removed above.

COMMON.

88.

ALMIGHTY Father, heavenly King !
 Who rul'st the worlds above,
 Accept the tribute children bring
 Of gratitude and love.

2 To thee, each morning, when we rise,
 Our early vows we'll pay ;
 And, ere the night has closed our eyes,
 We'll thank thee for the day.

- 3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
 To us his word hath given,
 That young ones, such as we, may find
 A certain path to heaven.
- 4 Stretch out, O Lord, thy gracious hand
 To guide our erring youth ;
 And lead us to that blissful land
 Where dwells eternal truth.

COMMON.

89.

WATTS.

- H**APPY the child whose tender years
 Receive instruction well :
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
 A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes ;
 While sinners that grow old in sin
 Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young :
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
 Our childhood we resign ;

'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath :
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

EIGHTS.

90.

BRACKENBERRY

COME, children, 'tis Jesus commands,
The voice of your Saviour obey ;
When Jesus inviting you stands,
No trifles should turn you away.

2 Though children in stature and years,
Salvation is needed by you :
For children, it plainly appears,
Must answer for all that they do.

3 Then give to the Saviour your heart,
And learn without further delay ;
He'll teach you to choose the good part,
Which ne'er shall be taken away.

4 His hand shall supply all your wants.
Though ever so many or great ;
His love shall redress your complaints,
And render your portion complete.

COMMON.

91.

WHY should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin,

When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
And bids us walk therein ?

2 Folly and sin our peace destroy,
They glitter and are past ;
They yield us but a moment's joy,
And end in death at last.

3 But, if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

4 O may we, in our youthful days,
Attend to wisdom's voice ;
And make these holy, happy ways,
Our own delightful choice !

EIGHTS AND SEVENS

92.

WESLEY.

TEACHER, guide of young beginners
Let a child approach to thee,
Thee, who cam'st to ransom sinners,
Thee, who diedst to ransom me ;
Into thy protection take me,
Full of goodness as thou art ;
After thine own image make me,
Make me after thy own heart.

2 Exercise the potter's power
Over this unshapen clay ;
Call me in the morning hour,
Teach my youthful mind the way ;

With a tender awe inspire,
That I never more may rove :
The faint spark of good desire
Blow into a flame of love.

COMMON.

93.

SINCE Jesus loves to hear his praise
Arise from infant tongues,
Let us not waste our youthful days
In vain and foolish songs.

2 Too soon we ne'er can serve the Lord,
Nor love his name too dear ;
Nor prize too much his precious word,
Nor learn too soon his fear.

3 To us, O Lord, thy grace impart,
And every song shall be
The tribute of a faithful heart,
A song of praise to thee.

ON PRAYER.

COMMON.

94.

TAYLOR.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile ;
 And when I pray or sing,
 I'm often thinking all the while
 About some other thing.

3 O let me never, never dare
 To act a trifler's part,
 Or think that God will hear a prayer
 That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
 As holy children do,
 Then, while I seek him with my voice,
 My heart will love him too.

LONG

95.

WESLEY.

ALMIGHTY God, to thee I cry,
 Assist a child's infirmity:
 Nor let me with my lips draw nigh,
 While my heart wanders far from thee

2 Ah ! never let me speak a word
 But what with all my soul I mean ;
 Or lie to thee, thou glorious Lord,
 By whom my every thought is seen.

3 With what submissive lowliness
 Should I approach thy glorious throne !
 How can I hope by words to please,
 To please a God I have not known ?

4 I know not what to do or say
 Till thy bless'd Spirit I receive,

And Jesus teaches me to pray,
And Jesus teaches me to live.

COMMON.

96.

TAYLOR.

LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer :
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

2 Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin, forgive ;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

3 Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I'll call ;
But keep me more than all from sin,
For that's the worst of all.

4 And may I seek until I find,
What none are good without,—
That humble, meek, and lowly mind,
Which Jesus preach'd about.

SIX LINES EIGHTS. 97.

WESLEY.

JESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest followers' call,
And O instruct us how to pray !
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face !

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou, who call'dst a world from naught
The power into our hearts inspire ;
And then we in thy Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thy own.

3 Come in thy pleading Spirit down
To us, who for thy coming stay ;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray ;
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest !

COMMON.

98.

BARTON.

The Lord's Prayer.

FATHER of all, who dwell'st above,
Thy name be hallow'd here ;
As in those realms of peace and love,
Where saints that name revere.

2 Thy kingdom come, thy will, alone,
Be done by man below ;
As spirits round thy glorious throne
Their pure obedience show.

3 Give us this day our daily bread ;
Not merely outward food,
But that whereon the soul is fed,
The source of heavenly good.

4 Forgive our trespasses, as we
 In pard'ning love abide ;
 Since none forgiveness gain from thee
 Who pardon have denied.

b And lead us from temptation far,
 From evil, Lord ! restore ;
 For thine the power, the kingdom are,
 The glory evermore.

SHORT.

99.

MONTGOMERY

The same.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
 The prayer we offer now ;
 Thy name be hallow'd far and near,
 To thee all nations bow ;
 Thy kingdom come ; thy will
 On earth be done in love,
 As saints and seraphim fulfil
 Thy perfect law above.

2 Our daily bread supply,
 While by thy word we live ;
 The guilt of our iniquity
 Forgive, as we forgive ;
 From dark temptation's power,
 From Satan's wiles defend ;
 Deliver in the evil hour,
 And guide us to the end !

3 Thine, then, for ever be
 Glory and power divine ;
 The sceptre, throne, and majesty
 Of heaven and earth are thine.
 —Thus humbly taught to pray,
 By thy beloved Son,
 Through him we come to thee and say,
 All for his sake be done.

DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN, AND HELL

COMMON.

100.

WATTS.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name !

And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be !

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase ;
 And every beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave ;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the grave.

4 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
 Attends on every breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death !

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road :
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God !

LONG.

101.

WATTS.

WHY should I say, " 'Tis yet too soon
To seek for heaven, or think of death ?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

3 What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he 'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day ;

4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place :

5 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace ;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

PECULIAR.

102.

EDMESTON.

THE rose-bud yet unblown may lie
 Wither'd across the way ;
 The lamb amidst the flock may die,
 The grave unthought of may be nigh
 To children young as they.

2 O let not one short day be past,
 Without a pardon sought ;
 Many a day has proved the last,
 And suddenly their lot been cast,
 Who little fear'd or thought.

3 Now, Saviour, bless me ; then, whene'er
 My life or death may be ;
 There shall be left no cause for fear,
 For if removed from living here,
 A heaven remains for me.

COMMON.

103.

'TIS but a short, uncertain space,
 Allow'd us here to live ;
 Death, unperceived, comes on apace,
 And may no warning give.

2 Nor great, nor small, nor old, nor young
 His fatal dart can fly ;
 The rich, the poor, the weak, the strong,
 Without distinction die.

3 Each day, for any thing we know,
 May prove to be our last ;

For death may strike the fatal blow
Ere the next hour be past.

4 And shall we trifle and delay,
And still keep sinning on ;
Neglect our souls from day to day,
Till life and time are gone ?

5 The present moment let us seize,
For this alone is ours ;
Now set ourselves our God to please,
With all our active powers.

6 To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Let us regard his voice ;
Since danger must attend delay,
Where God has given advice.

LONG.

104.

S. WESLEY

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows :
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine,
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.

COMMON.

105.

TAYLOR. .

- O** 'TIS a folly and a crime
 To put religion by !
 For *now* is the accepted time ;
 To-morrow we may die.
- 2 Our hearts grow harder every day,
 And more depraved the mind ;
 The longer we neglect to pray,
 The less we feel inclined.
- 3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
 Until their dying day ;
 Then, they would give a world of gold
 To have an hour to pray.
- 4 O then lest *we* should perish thus,
 Let us no longer wait ;
 For time will soon be past with us,
 And death must fix our state.

SHORT.

106.

MY life 's a narrow span,
 A short, uncertain day ;
 And if I reach the age of man,
 It soon will pass away.

2 I may, for aught I know,
 This hour the summons hear,
 To call me where the wicked go,
 Or where the saints appear.

3 Teach me, with all my heart,
 Thy mercy to embrace ;
 May I from every sin depart,
 In this, my time of grace.

LONG.

107.

WATTS.

THERE is an hour when I must die,
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come,
 A thousand children, young as I,
 Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

2 Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled ;
 There 's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

3 Just as a tree cut down, that fell
 To north or southward, there it lies ;
 So man departs to heaven or hell,
 Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

COMMON. 108.

OUR life is never at a stand,
 'Tis like a fading flower,
 Death, which is always near at hand,
 Comes nearer every hour.

2 And those who now are young and gay,
 Like roses in their bloom,
 Will very soon be old and gray,
 And wither in the tomb.

3 For now man's life doth seldom last
 To threescore years and ten ;
 And e'en that time will soon be past,
 If we should live till then.

4 O let us all prepare to die,
 Since death is near and sure ;
 And then it will not signify
 If we were rich or poor.

EIGHTS AND SIXES. 109. WESLEY.

AND am I only born to die ?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree ?
 What after death for me remains ?
 Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
 To all eternity !

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay ?

My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare,
Against that fatal day !

3 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies !

How make mine own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies !

4 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray ;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness !

Ah, write the pardon on my heart ,
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

COMMON.

110.

SWIFT as my fleeting days decline,
The final hour draws nigh,
When, from the busy scenes of time,
I must retire and die !

2 O ! may this solemn thought pervade
And penetrate my soul !
Govern my life through every stage,
And all my powers control !

3 Lord, draw thy image on my heart,
And show my sins forgiven ;
And all that holiness impart
Which fits the soul for heaven !

4 Then welcome the kind hour of death,
 That ends this painful strife !
 The hand that stops this mortal breath
 Will give eternal life !

SHORT.

111.

WESLEY.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear :
 Our caution'd souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray ;

2 To pray and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
 The immortal Son of man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.

3 O may we then be found
 Obedient to thy word ;
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord :
 O may we all ensure
 A lot among the blest ;

And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

COMMON.

112.

WATTS.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6 O may I now for ever fear:
To indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault!

SHORT.

113.

DODDRIDGE.

AND will the Judge descend?

And must the dead arise?

And not a single soul escape

His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure

The terrors of that day,

When earth and heaven before his face,

Astonish'd, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes

The mansions of the dead,

Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,

What joyful tidings spread.

4 Then let us seek His grace,

Whose wrath we cannot bear;

Fly to the shelter of his cross,

And find salvation there.

COMMON.

114.

ADDISON

WHEN rising from the bed of death,

O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,

I see my Maker face to face—

O, how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found.

And mercy may be sought,

My heart with inward horror shrinks,

And trembles at the thought:

3 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O, how shall I appear !

4 Prepare me, Lord, to meet that day,
 Ere yet it be too late,
 When I shall view these solemn scenes,
 And feel their awful weight.

LONG.

115.

THE Judge of all shall soon come down,
 Bright on his everlasting throne,
 Summon the nations to his bar,
 And I shall take my trial there.

2 Jesus, my Advocate with God,
 O wash me in thy precious blood,
 That, at thy last appearing, I
 With joy may meet thee in the sky.

COMMON.

116.

HAPPY the children who betimes
 Have learn'd to know the Lord ;
 Who, through his grace, escape the crimes
 Forbidden in his word.

2 Should they be early hence removed,
 He will their souls receive ;
 For they whom Jesus here hath loved
 With him shall ever live.

- 3 The Saviour whom they trusted here
Shall wipe their tears away ;
No night of darkness shall be there,
But one eternal day.
- 4 May we with those in bliss, O Lord,
For ever number'd be ;
Taught by thy Spirit and thy word
To live alone to thee.
- 5 Come, holy Lord, and may each heart
Thy blessed temple prove ;
Thy heavenly likeness now impart,
And rule us all by love.

LONG.

117.

TAYLOR

HEAVEN is a place of endless bliss,
Where God himself for ever is ;
Where saints around his throne adore,
And never sin nor suffer more.

2 And hell's a state of endless wo,
Where unrepenting sinners go ;
Though none that seek the Saviour's grace
Shall ever see that dreadful place.

3 O let me, then, at once apply
To Him who did for sinners die !
And this shall be my great reward,
To dwell for ever with the Lord.

COMMON.

118.

EDNESTON.

THE sun that lights the world shall fade,
 The stars shall pass away;
 But I, a child, immortal made,
 Shall witness their decay.

2 Yes, I shall live when they are dead,
 Though now so bright they shine;
 When earth and all it holds have fled,
 Eternity is mine.

3 For I shall never, never die,
 While God himself remains;
 But either live in heaven on high,
 Or bound in hell in chains.

4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
 To Christ, O let me flee;
 If pain be hard for one short day,
 What must *for ever* be!

COMMON.

119.

THOUGH I am young, I have a soul
 The world can never buy;
 And while eternal ages roll,
 It will not, cannot die.

2 For it must soar to worlds on high,
 Where happy spirits dwell;
 Or, buried with the wicked, lie
 Deep in the grave of hell.

- 3 The soul by blackening sin defiled
Can never enter heaven,
Till God and it be reconciled,
And all its sins forgiven.
- 4 Till it be pure from all its stains,
In perfect righteousness ;
Cleansed by the Saviour's dying pains,
Renew'd by sovereign grace.
- 5 Pardon and cleanse it, God of grace !
And let it holy be ;
Array'd in perfect holiness,
And meet to dwell with thee.

SHORT.

120.

WATTS.

- T**HERE is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love :
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.
- 2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains ;
There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.
- 3 Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end ?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend ?
- 4 Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath ;

Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to eternal death.

COMMON.

121.

TAYLOR.

A SAD and sinful world is this,
Although it seems so fair ;
But heaven is perfect joy and bliss,
For God himself is there.

2 *Here* all our pleasures soon are past,
Our brightest joys decay ;
But pleasures *there* for ever last,
And cannot fade away.

3 *Here* many a pain and bitter groan
Our feeble bodies tear ;
But pain and sickness are not known,
And never shall be, *there*.

4 *Here* sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distress'd ;
But *there* the mourners weep no more,
And *there* the weary rest.

5 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
At once must hence depart ;
But *there* we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.

6 Then let us love and serve the Lord
With all our youthful powers ;
And we shall gain this great reward,
This glory shall be ours.

SHORT.

122.

THERE is a land above
All beautiful and bright,
And those who love and seek the Lord
Rise to that world of light.

2 There sin is known no more,
Nor tears, nor want, nor care ;
There good and happy beings dwell,
And all are holy there.

COMMON.

123.

TAYLOR.

THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky ;
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark ! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey ;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in Wisdom's way.

4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern ;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.

- 5 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay ;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must droop, and pass away.
- 6 Great God ! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast ;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter into rest.
-

VARIOUS SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

EIGHTS AND SIXES 124. WESLEY.

BE it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude :
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart ;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given !
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

LONG. 125.

GREAT God ! behold, before thy throne
A band of children lowly bend ;

Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

2 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray ;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

3 O let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there ;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thy image bear.

COMMON.

126.

MONTGOMERY.

WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth ;
And, all unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace ;
Like him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd ;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom bless'd.

4 Safe from the world's alluring charms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms
May we for ever lie.

LONG.

127.

WESLEY.

HAPPY the child who finds the grace,
 The blessings of God's chosen race,
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
 Who knows "the Saviour died for me!"
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
 True riches, and immortal praise;
 Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
 And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are paths of peace.

6 Happy the child who wisdom gains;
 Thrice happy who his guest retains;
 He owns, and shall for ever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

COMMON.

128.

WESLEY

HOW happy every child of grace
 Who knows his sins forgiven !
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heaven :

2 A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet, O ! by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 The heaven prepared for me.

3 A stranger in the world below,
 I calmly sojourn here ;
 Nor can its happiness or wo
 Provoke my hope or fear,

4 Its evils in a moment end ;
 Its joys as soon are past ;
 But, O ! the bliss to which I tend
 Eternally shall last.

SEVENS AND SIXES.

129.

EDNESTON

WHO would not love the Saviour,
 That once loved children so !
 Who would not love the Saviour,
 Who did that Saviour know !

2 Infants were brought before him,
 He smiled on them, and shed
 A sweet, a holy blessing,
 In love upon each head.

3 "O bring them," he commanded,
 "And send them not away;
 My Father's heavenly kingdom
 Is fill'd with such as they."

4 Who would not love the Saviour,
 That once loved children so!
 Who would not love the Saviour,
 Who did that Saviour know!

EIGHTS AND SEVENS.

130.

EDMESTON.

WHEN the Saviour said, that children
 Fill'd the courts of heaven above,
 He but meant to praise their meekness,
 Sweet simplicity, and love.

2 Thus he said, that man's proud bosom
 Must become as soft, and mild,
 Lowly, teachable, and gentle,
 As a little humble child.

3 But if children, vain and haughty,
 Bear a high and wicked heart;
 'Tis not children such as they are,
 In that kingdom have a part.

4 Make me, Saviour, meek and lowly,
 O'er me shed thy love abroad!
 So shall I, through that, be fitted
 For the kingdom of my God.

COMMON.

131.

TAYLOR.

Time and eternity.

HOW long sometimes a day appears,
 And weeks, how long are they !
 Months move along, as if the years
 Would never pass away.

2 But months and years are passing by,
 And soon must all be gone ;
 For day by day, as minutes fly,
 Eternity comes on.

3 Days, months, and years, must have an end,
 Eternity has none ;
 'Twill always have as long to spend
 As when it first begun.

4 Great God ! a little child can't tell
 How such a thing can be ;
 I only pray that I may dwell
 That long, long time with thee.

COMMON.

132.

LOGAN.

The God of our fathers supplicated.

O GOD of Abrá'm ! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed ;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led !

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before thy thrones of grace ;

God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our fathers' loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace.

5 Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore ;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

COMMON. 133.

ASSIST me, gracious Lord, to pray,
Illuminate my mind ;
And guide me in that heavenly way
Where sinners comfort find.

2 In mercy, Lord, thine ear incline,
To ev'ry fervent prayer ;
Let rays of love, and grace divine,
My soul for heaven prepare.

3 Reveal thy great salvation, Lord,
Dispel each rising doubt ;
O ! speak that soul-enliv'ning word,
" Thy sins are blotted out."

4 Then shall I raise the cheerful song
 To my redeeming God ;
 And join th' enraptured choral throng,
 In Zion's blest abode.

SEVENS.

134.

MRS. MASTERS.

'TIS religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ,
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comforts when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity ;
 Let me then make God my friend,
 And on all his ways attend.

COMMON.

135.

TAYLOR.

THERE is a path that leads to God,
 All others go astray ;
 Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
 And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
 And dangers must be past ;
 But those who boldly walk therein
 Will come to heaven at last.

3 But how shall little children dare
 This dangerous path to tread ?
 For on the way is many a snare
 For youthful travellers spread ;

4 While the broad road where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair ;
And many turn aside I know,
To walk with sinners there.

5 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

LONG.

136.

BROWNE.

COME, gracious Spirit, source of love :
With light and comfort from above ;
Be though our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

COMMON.

137.

CHILDREN of old hosannas sung
To praise the Saviour's name ;
We too would join our infant song
To celebrate his fame.

2 We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
For life, for food, and friends ;
We bless him for the word of life,
The choicest gift he sends.

3 God's sacred word we learn to know
Where heavenly wisdom lies ;
Here too are kind instructions given,
That tend to make us wise.

4 We bless his name that we are taught
To keep his sacred day,
And that we thus are brought to join
With those who praise and pray.

5 O may we prize these favours well,
Nor let them be in vain ;
Teach us, O Lord, that we may raise
Our songs to thee again.

SEVENS.

138.

GRACIOUS God ! to thee I pray,
Give me grace to pray aright ;
Guide and bless me every day,
And defend me every night.

2 Let thy mercy, while I live,
Every needful want supply ;
And thy blissful presence give,
To support me when I die.

COMMON.

139.

WATTS.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still :
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part !

3 Conduct my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

SEVENS.

140.

A little child's prayer.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

2 Fain I would to thee be brought ,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not :
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

3 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days :
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

COMMON.

141.

MONTGOMERY.

THOU art our Shepherd, gracious God ;
Thy little flock behold ;
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we are brought
To this delightful place ;
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
The children of thy grace.

3 O may our friends who meet us here,
Meet us at last above ;
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

COMMON.

142.

SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name ;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

- 2 He 'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow,
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.
- 3 When, wand'ring from the fold, we leave
The straight and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near
To guide us when we stray.
- 4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care ;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

COMMON.

143.

DODDRIDGE.

- SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms ;
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorns their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 O let us then with pleasure hear,
And seek the Saviour's face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

LONG.

144.

DODDRIDGE.

LORD, we have wander'd from the way ;
 Like foolish sheep, we've gone astray ;
 Our pleasant pastures we have left,
 And of their guard our souls bereft.

2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm,
 Far from our Shepherd's gentle arm :
 Nor will the fatal wandering cease,
 Till thou reveal the paths of peace.

3 O seek, thy thoughtless creatures, Lord,
 Nor let us quite forget thy word ;
 Our erring souls do thou restore,
 And keep us that we stray no more.

COMMON.

145.

WATTS.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

LONG.

146.

TAYLOR.

GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father, and my friend,
I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky !

2 Art thou my Father ? Canst thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer ;
Or stoop to listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise ?

3 Art thou my Father ? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee ?
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father ? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend ;
And only wish to do, and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

5 Art thou my Father ? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child, above.

COMMON.

147.

WATTS.

WHY should I love my sport so well,
 So constant at my play ;
 And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
 And then forget to pray ?

2 What do I read my Bible for,
 But, Lord, to learn thy will ?
 And shall I daily know thee more,
 And less obey thee still ?

3 How senseless is my heart, and wild !
 How vain are all my thoughts !
 Pity the weakness of a child,
 And pardon all my faults.

4 Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
 And let me love to pray ;
 Since God will lend a gracious ear
 To what a child can say.

COMMON.

148.

FAWCETT

Importance of religion.

RELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below,
 May we its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign influence know.

2 Salvation should our thoughts engage,
 While still in youthful bloom ;

'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the coming tomb.

3 O, may our hearts, by grace renew'd,
Be our Redeemer's throne !
And be our stubborn wills subdued,
His government to own.

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all our conversation prove
Our hearts to be sincere.

5 Preserve us from the snares of sin
Through our remaining days ;
In us let all thy graces shine,
To our Redeemer's praise.

6 Let lively hope our souls inspire.
Let warm affections rise ;
And may we wait with strong desire
To gain the glorious prize.

LONG.

149.

DODDRIDGE

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Father divine ! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 O may my frail and wavering heart,
Like Mary, choose the better part ;
And scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

3 Then let the fiercest storms arise,
 Let tempests rage thro' earth and skies;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Father, still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and peaceful die;
 Secure when earthly comforts flee,
 To find far greater joys in thee.

COMMON.

150.

STEELE.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee

3 "Let the sweet hope, that thou art mine,
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end."

SEVENS.

151.

MAKE me simple and sincere,
 Keep, O Lord, my conscience clear;
 Lead me in thy living way:
 Bring me to eternal day.

2 O! preserve my soul from sin,
Slay each rebel thought within;
Take away the heart of stone,
Make we thine—and thine alone.

3 Jesus, thou art all my trust;
When consign'd to native dust,
Take, O take my soul to thee,
And where thou art—let me be.

4 Let me rise on wings sublime,
Far beyond the scenes of time:
Rise, to meet my God and King;
Rise, thy endless praise to sing.

COMMON

152.

WESLEY.

Covenant hymn.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake
Or cast his words behind.

- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now !
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.
- 6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

COMMON.

153.

WATTS.

Obedience to parents.

- L**ET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say ;
With reverence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.
- 2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word ?
- 3 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

SEVENS.

154.

WESLEY.

The same subject.

HOLY child of heavenly birth,
 God made manifest on earth,
 Fain would I thy follower be,
 Live in every thing like thee.

2 Thou whom angels serve and fear,
 Subject to thy parents here,
 Didst to me thy pattern give,
 How with mine I ought to live.

3 Teach me then betimes t' obey
 Those who under God bear sway;
 By my meek submissiveness
 Strive both God and them to please.

4 Thy humility impart,
 Give me thy obedient heart,
 Free and cheerful to fulfil
 All my heavenly Father's will.

5 Keep me thus to God resign'd,
 Till his love delights to find
 Fairly copied out on me,
 All the mind that was in thee.

LONG.

155.

WATT

Against lying.

O'tis a lovely thing for youth
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way!

- To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.
- 2 But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's
true ;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.
- 3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong ?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue ?
- 4 So did his wife Sapphira die
When she came in, and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie
Which just before her husband told.
- 5 The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth ; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.
- 6 Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

COMMON.

156.

RHODES.

The same subject.

THE liar who the truth denies
To cover his offence.

And by deceit and falsehood tries
To gain his base pretence :

2 Abhorr'd of men the wretch shall be,
None shall a liar trust :
His name is stain'd with infamy,
And trampled in the dust !

3 The Lord abhors the lying tongue,
Addicted to defame ;
He sees the base deceit and wrong,
And brings the wretch to shame.

4 He will the guilty liar shake
In his most dreadful ire,
And fix his portion in the lake
Of everlasting fire !

LONG.

157.

TAYLOR.

Against using profane language.

TWAS God who made the earth and skies ;
Great are the wonders of his hand :
He is more glorious, good, and wise,
Than any child can understand.

2 Bright angels bow before his face,
And saints stand waiting round his throne,
And in that holy, happy place,
No sinful thoughts or words are known.

3 Then how can wicked children dare
To take God's name in vain for naught !

Though all the saints and angels there
Would tremble at the very thought !

4 O let us still with care abstain
From such a very sinful thing !
Nor let a word or thought profane
Offend this great and glorious King.

5 We ought to speak with humble fear,
Whenever we kneel down to pray ;
His holy word with reverence hear,
And never break the sabbath-day.

6 But as there will be much amiss,
Whatever care and pains we take,
We'll beg the Lord to pardon this,
And hear our prayers, for Jesus' sake.

LONG.

158.

WATTS.

The same subject.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God ;
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod :

2 And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name !
And when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme.

3 How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain ;

While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain ?

4 Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given ;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

5 If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Them take thy holy name in vain,
And learn to curse and learn to swear.

SEVENS.

159.

Against cruelty to animals.

SWEET it is to see a child
Tender, merciful, and mild :
Ever ready to perform
Acts of kindness to a worm ;
Grieving that the world should be
Such a scene of misery ;
Scene in which the creatures groan
For transgressions not their own.

2 God is love, and never can
Bless or love a cruel man ;
Mercy rules in every breast
Where the Spirit deigns to rest ;
We ourselves to mercy owe
Our escape from endless wo ;
And the merciless in mind
Shall themselves no mercy find.

LONG.

160.

*Against malice and anger.***I**N whom does Jesus Christ delight ?

And who shall dwell with him above

The angry child that loves to fight

Is one that Jesus cannot love.

2 To contradict and overbear

With noisy words, or spiteful lies ;

To feel revenge ; to curse and swear ;

Will make us hateful in his eyes.

3 He saw the sudden blow we gave ;

He noticed every angry word ;

And every wicked thought we have,

His eye has seen, his ear has heard.

4 O thou who wast so meek and mild,

Thou gentle Saviour, hear our cry,

And help a weak and sinful child

Each rising passion to deny.

5 Without thee we shall sin again,

And wander from thee more and more

Our resolutions will be vain,

As they have often been before.

6 Be thou our help in time of need,

And send thy Spirit from above,

That we, in thought, and word, and deed,

May all be such as thou canst love.

COMMON.

161.

BROWNE.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care ;
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear ;
 And all His promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore ;
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

SIX LINES EIGHTS. 162.

ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye :

My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry land I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shad

COMMON.

163.

WESLEY.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me !

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within :

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine !

SIX LINES EIGHTS. 164.

WATTS.

I 'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
 His truth for ever stands secure :
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

COMMON.

165.

WESLEY

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep.
For, O! the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree:
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

COMMON.

166.

WESLEY.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift ;
My soul on thee depends ;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power, and wisdom too :
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive ;
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine :
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call ;
In whom we are, and move, and live,
Our God is ALL in ALL.

LONG.

167.

WESLEY.

PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear.

My utter helplessness reveal ;
Satan and sin are always near ;
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire ;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire.

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorr'd approach of ill :
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

COMMON.

168.

SOON as my infant lips can speak
A feeble prayer to thee,
Thus may my heart thy favour seek,—
“Dear Lord, remember me !”

2 In childhood's following years my tongue
Tuned to thy praise shall be,
Be this alone my constant song,—
“Dear Lord, remember me !”

- 3 From every sin that wounds the soul
May I be taught to flee ;
And when I feel its vile control,
“ Dear Lord, remember me !”
- 4 When with life’s heavy load oppress’d,
I bend the trembling knee,
O ! give my weary spirit rest ;
“ Dear Lord, remember me !”
- 5 O ! let me on the bed of death
Thy great salvation see ;
And cry with my expiring breath,
“ Dear Lord, remember me !”

SEVENS.

169.

EDMESTON.

Thanks for Christian privileges.

WHEN I look around and see
All the kindness shown to me,
That while others wander wide,
I have friends my steps to guide ;
I would feel, as well I may,
Gratitude, far more than they ;
And would strive some good to gain,
Lest this care be spent in vain.

2 Since they wish but for my good,
I should sure do all I could ;
Never from my duty stray,
Never loiter, never play.

Strive with all the strength I boast,
 How to learn and please them most :
 Love them for the good they do,
 Pray that God would love them too.

LONG.

170.

WATTS

The same subject.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
 And not to chance, as others do,
 That I was born of Christian race,
 And not a heathen or a Jew.

2 What would the ancient Jewish kings
 And Jewish prophets once have given,
 Could they have heard those glorious things,
 Which Christ reveal'd and bro't from heaven !

3 How glad the heathen would have been,
 That worshipp'd idols, wood, and stone,
 If they the book of God had seen,
 Or Jesus and his gospel known !

4 Then if this gospel I refuse,
 How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes ;
 For all the Gentiles and the Jews
 Against me will in judgment rise.

LONG.

171.

The same subject.

LET us unite to bless the Lord,
 That we are taught to read his word ,

To walk in wisdom's pleasant ways,
And seek his grace and sing his praise.

2 While wicked boys and girls we meet,
Breaking the sabbath in the street,
Misspending all that holy day,
In foolish talk and idle play ;

3 We to thy sacred house of prayer,
With gratitude would oft repair,
To adore thy name, to seek thy face,
And hear thy messages of grace.

4 The truth thy gospel, Lord, imparts,
Apply with power to all our hearts ;
Whilst thou art calling, may we hear,
And worship thee with holy fear.

COMMON.

172.

SIGOURNEY.

Prayer for a blessing on instruction.

ADMITTED where thy truths are taught,
And pious hearts adore,
Father in heaven ! my spirit ought
Thy blessing to implore.

2 Instruct my ignorance, I pray,
My wayward passions tame,
From every folly guard my way,
From every sin reclaim.

3 Each task with pleasure may I learn,
Each Scripture lesson prize,

And grant thy wisdom to discern
Whate'er in darkness lies.

- 4 Teach me thy precepts to fulfil,
To trust a Saviour's love,
To yield to thy most righteous will,
And seek a home above.

EIGHTS AND SEVENS. 173.

The same subject.

HEAVENLY Father! grant thy blessing
On the instructions of this day;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turn'd away.

- 2 We are told thy power can reach us
Whatsoever place we're in;
And the Holy Scriptures teach us
Thou wilt surely punish sin.

- 3 We have wander'd, O forgive us!
We have wish'd from truth to rove;
Turn, O turn us, and receive us,
And incline our hearts to love.

- 4 We have learn'd that Christ the Saviour
Lived to teach us what is good;
Died to gain for us thy favour,
And redeem us by his blood.

- 5 For his sake, O God, forgive us!
Guide us to that happy home,

Where the Saviour will receive us,
And where sin can never come.

COMMON.

174.

DUNCAN.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !

Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small !
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall :
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Children and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the *everlasting* song,
And crown him Lord of all.

LONG.

175.

Illness of a teacher.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne
 We bow our suppliant spirits down,
 Regard our simple, earnest prayer,
 And make our teacher now thy care.

2 Preserve thy servant from the grave ;
 Stretch out thine arm, O Lord, to save :
 Back to our hopes and wishes give
 Our teacher, Lord, and bid *him* live.

3 Yet if our supplications fail,
 And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
 Be thou *his* strength, be thou *his* stay,
 Support *him* through the narrow way.

4 Around *him* may thy angels stand,
 To bear *him* to a better land :
 To teach *his* happy soul to rise,
 And waft *him* to the upper skies.

COMMON.

176.

Death of a teacher.

FAREWELL, dear friend ! a long farewell,
 For we shall meet no more,
 Till we are raised with thee to dwell
 On Zion's happy shore.

2 Our friend and *brother*,* lo ! is dead !
 The cold and lifeless clay
 Has made in dust its silent bed,
 And there it must decay.

3 But is *he* dead ?—no, no, *he* lives !
His happy spirit flies
 To heaven above ; and there receives
 The long-expected prize.

4 Farewell, dear friend, again farewell ;
 Soon we shall rise to thee ;
 And when we meet, no tongue can tell
 How great our joys shall be.

COMMON.

177.

TAYLOR

Death of a scholar.

DEATH has been here, and borne away
 A *brother* from our side ;
 Just in the morning of *his* day,
 As young as we, *he* died.

2 Not long ago *he* fill'd *his* place,
 And sat with us to learn,
 But *he* has run *his* mortal race,
 And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
 Our days may fly as fast :
 O Lord, impress the solemn thought
 That this may be our last.

* Or Sister

4 We cannot tell who next may fall
 Beneath thy chast'ning rod ;
 One must be first,—but let us all
 Prepare to meet our God.

COMMON.

178.

SIGOURNEY

The same subject.

AS crush'd by sudden storms, the rose
 Sinks on the garden's breast,
 Down to the grave our *brother* goes
 In earth's cold arms to rest.

2 No more with us, *his* tuneful voice
 The hymn of praise shall swell,
 No more *his* cheerful heart rejoice
 To hear the sabbath bell.

3 Yet if in yon unclouded sphere,
 Amid a blessed throng,
He warbles to *his* Saviour's ear
 The everlasting song,—

4 No more we'll mourn our buried friend,
 But lift the ardent prayer,
 And every wish and effort bend
 To rise and join *him* there.

COMMON.

179.

STEELE.

The same subject.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,

Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While friendship prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth impress'd
With awful power—*I too must die*,
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more :
Behold the open tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour ;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

LONG.

180.

TAYLOR.

Upon a good child's leaving school.

WE offer, Lord, an humble prayer,
And thank thee for thy grace bestow'd,
In leading one beneath our care
Thus far in wisdom's pleasant road.

2' What trials to *his* lot may fall,
What toilsome duties to fulfil,
We do not know, but in them all
Be thou *his* strength and comfort still.

3 Still night and morning may *he* pray,
Where'er *his* dwelling may be found ;

Still love thy word, and keep thy day,
Though gay young sinners scoff around.

4 In sore temptation, pain, or grief,
Whate'er *his* lot of wo may be,
Teach *him* to seek and find relief
In every time of need from thee.

5 May Jesus be *his* constant friend ;
The Bible *his* support and stay ;
And may thy Spirit, Lord, descend
To bless and guide *him* day by day.

6 We need not supplicate for more ;
For if *he* find a friend in thee,
Then bless'd in basket and in store,
In soul and body, shall *he* be.

LONG.

181.

Opening school.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore ;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us then through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends ;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar ;

And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal sabbath reigns.

LONG.

182.

EDMESTON.

Close of school.

ETERNAL Father, God of grace !
Who dwellest in this holy place,
Hear us, O hear us, while we pray,
And send us not unblest away !

2 Look on us now, and bless us here :
We fain would worship in thy fear ;
O be thy shadow round us spread,
O be thy Spirit on us shed.

3 Not many years our feet have run,
Yet hast thou watch'd them every one ;
May all our future years be bright
With beams of heavenly love and light.

4 In life, and when we come to die,
Be thou our guardian ever nigh ;
And may the pang that sets us free
Waft every spirit home to thee !

COMMON.

183.

EDMESTON

The same subject.

AND now another hour is past
Of kind instruction given ;
And this, perhaps, may be the last,
On this side hell or heaven.

- 2 And is it so ? How dread the thought !
And yet, indeed, how true !
If I could feel it as I ought
This day, what should I do ?
- 3 O ! surely prize it more and more,
And pray that God would give
A death of gain, when life is o'er,
His blessing while I live.

SEVENS.

184.

The same subject.

- F**OR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy, and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain ;
May we, 'if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given ;
We 'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth and when in heaven.

SHORT.

185.

PART.

The same subject.

ONCE more, before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name,
 Record his mercies, every heart ;
 Sing, every tongue, the same.

2 May we receive his word,
 And feed thereon and grow ;
 Go on to seek, to know the Lord,
 And practise what we know.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

COMMON.

186.

WATTS

Morning.

MY God, who makes the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise,
 And, to give light to all below,
 Doth send him round the skies.

2 When from the chambers of the east
 His morning race begins ;
 He never tires, nor stops to rest,
 But round the world he shines ;

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
 The business of the day ;
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heavenly way.

- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

COMMON.

187.

The same.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night,
Preserved, O Lord ! by thee ;
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

- 2 Preserve us, Lord ! throughout the day,
And guide us by thy arm ;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou dost keep from harm.

- 3 Let all our words, and all our ways,
Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

- 4 Let us ne'er turn away from thee ;
Dear Saviour, hold us fast,
Till, with immortal eyes, we see
Thy glorious face at last.

COMMON.

188.

WATTS.

Evening.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;

My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

2 But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3 And when I lay me down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

4 With cheerful heart I'll close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

SIXES AND EIGHTS. 189. WESLEY.

The New Year.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endiess days,
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found ;

Yet doth he us in mercy spare
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone :"
The Father mild, inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space ;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year.

SEVENS.

190.

NEWTON

The same.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year ;
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here ;
Fix'd in their eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily, the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind :

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

LONG.

191.

DODDRIDGE.

The same.

GREAT God, we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported, still we stand ;
The opening year thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his continual bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future all to us unknown,
We in thy guardian care repose,
And calmly trust till life shall close.

SEVENS.

192.

The same.

SEE! another year is gone!
 Quickly have the seasons past!
 This we enter now upon
 Will to many prove the last.

2 Some we now no longer see,
 Who their mortal race have run,
 Seem'd as fair for life as we,
 When the former year begun.

3 Some—but who God only knows—
 Who are here assembled now,
 Ere the present year shall close,
 To the stroke of death must bow.

4 Mercy hitherto has spared,
 But have mercies been improved?
 Let us ask, "Am I prepared,
 Should I be this year removed?"

SEVENS.

193.

Easter.

CHRIST the Lord has risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Let the glorious tidings fly.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won;

Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ has open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died, our souls to save,
Where's thy victory, boasting grave !

PECULIAR. 194.

Anniversary of Independence.

MY country ! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died ;
Land of the pilgrims' pride ;
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country ! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture fills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring among the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song ;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing ;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King !

COMMON.

195.

A GAIN let thankful songs arise
 For mercy undeserved ;—
 O Lord, accept our sacrifice,
 For favours long conferr'd.

2 Nor let our hearts forget to prize
 The freedom we enjoy ;
 Columbia's sons should grateful rise,
 And praise their breath employ.

3 Unmeaning shouts let others raise,
 As oft they've done before ;
 But let us shout Jehovah's praise,
 And thank him more and more.

- 4 For only his almighty arm
Can make a nation free,
And lead us to that better land
Of purer jubilee !
- 5 How senseless all this noise and mirth ;
How sinful and how vain ;
By which the giddy sons of earth
This day of freedom stain !
- 6 Be empty mirth and folly gone,
And all unmeaning noise ;
While we in holy songs will come,
And better tell our joys.

SEVENS.

196.

PHILPS.

FATHER! from thy throne above,
Smile upon us in thy love :
Happy children of the free,
Grateful songs would raise to thee.

2 Thanks for this, our peaceful land,
Where the favours of thy hand
Thou hast scatter'd far and wide,
Spreading joy on every side.

3 Thanks for learning's gladsome rays,
Beaming on our youthful days ;
And for teachers, good and kind,
To instruct each tender mind.

4 For the sabbath-day we raise
Cheerful gratitude and praise ;

Welcomed by the pealing bells,
Of unchanging love it tells.

5 Thanks for Sunday schools so dear,
Where we're taught thy word and fear,
From that holy book of thine,
Fill'd with precious truths divine.

6 Saviour! 'mid all earthly strife,
Through the cares and ills of life,
May the precepts thou hast given
Guide us in the path to heaven.

PEOU LIAR.

197.

GOD of every land and nation,
On this glorious jubilee,
Let the incense of oblation
From each heart arise to thee.

Save our country :
Long preserve her liberty.

2 Let thy richest blessings ever
Rest upon our happy land ;
May no fierce contention sever
The confederated band :

In sweet union
May we still unshaken stand.

3 May we all be safely guided,
Saviour, by thy gracious will ;
When life's storms shall have subsided,
And our tongues in death are still,

May we praise thee
Where immortal glories thrill.

EIGHTS AND SEVENS. 198. LOVELL.

UP to thee, Almighty Father,
Ancient of eternal days,
Throned in uncreated glory,
Hear us, while our songs we raise.

2 Praise, for thy unceasing bounty,
Pour'd with an indulgent hand ;
Praise, for blessings still increasing,
Crowning freedom's favour'd land.

3 While a nation's heart is leaping,
Mighty in its gushing joy,
May the song of adoration
All its grateful powers employ.

4 Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom ;
Thine the power and glory be ;
Thine through endless ages rolling,
Thine throughout eternity.

SEVENS. 199.

Harvest hymn.

EVERY sheaf of golden grain,
Standing on the smiling plain,
Tells us, if we do not know,
Whence our many blessings flow.

2 Thanks we bring for earthly good ;
 Nobler thanks for richer food ;
 Love divine to us has given
 Christ, the Bread of Life, from heaven.

3 Lord ! to these thy favours, give
 Hearts to serve thee while we live ;
 Till we reap, where Jesus is,
 Harvests of immortal bliss.

Christmas Hymns.

COMMON.

200.

DODDRIDGE.

HARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long !
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
 Exerts his sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray ;
 And on the eyes oppress'd with night
 To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with the treasures of his grace
 T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad *hosannas*, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

SEVENS.

201.

JAMES.

LET us chant the solemn lay,—
 Let us celebrate the day,—
 Hail, with joy, the auspicious morn
 When the Son of man was born.

2 Babe of Beth'lem, lowly laid !
 Angels hover round thy bed,
 Pausing o'er the tuneful lyre,
 As they wonder and admire.

3 Hope of Israel ! welcome thou—
 Every tribe to thee shall bow ;
 Every tongue thy right proclaim ;
 Every land adore thy name.

COMMON.

202.

PATRICK.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
 night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
And thus address'd their song :

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

SEVENS.

203.

DODDRIDGE.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;

Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace !
Hail the Sun of righteousness !

3 Mild he lays his glory by ;
Born, that man no more might die :
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
Born, to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's promised Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

5 Glory to the new-born King !
Let us all the anthem sing ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

SHORT. 204.

SWEET is the song of heaven,
The anthem of the sky,
" Good will to man be given,
Glory to God on high :"
While every heart rejoices
To sing of peace on earth,
We'll tune our feeble voices,
To sing a Saviour's birth.

CHORUS.

Sweet is the song of heaven,
The anthem of the sky,
" Good will to man be given,
Glory to God on high."

2 Publish the great salvation,
 Repeat the heavenly strain ;
 Through every land and nation,
 O'er every hill and plain :
 Let notes of joy and gladness .
 The cheerful strain prolong,
 Nor let one note of sadness
 Be mingled with the song,

CHORUS.

Sweet is the song of heaven,
 The anthem of the sky,
 " Good will to man be given,
 Glory to God on high."

SEVENS.

205.

HARK! the skies with music sound,
 Heavenly glory beams around ;
 Christ is born, the angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King !

2 Peace is come,—good-will appears ;
 Sinners, wipe away your tears :
 God in human flesh to-day
 Humbly in a manger lay.

3 Shepherds tending flocks by night,
 Heard the song, and saw the light ;
 Took their reeds, and sweetest strains
 Echoed through the happy plains.

4 Mortals, hail the glorious King !
 Richest incense cheerful bring ;

Praise and love Emanuel's name,
And his boundless grace proclaim.

PECULIAR.

206.

HEBER.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lays his head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ;
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forests, and gold from the mine.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

SEVENS.

207.

JESUS, thou heavenly stranger,
Who dwelt in human clay ;
Thy cradle was a manger,
Thy softest bed was hay.

- 2 When angels sung with gladness
And hail'd thy natal morn ;
Why to a life of sadness,
Dear Saviour, wast thou born ?
- 3 Why didst thou leave thy Father,
And all the joys above ?
It was because thou 'dst rather
Secure for us his love.
- 4 For we had lost his favour ;
By sin were all defiled ;
And but for thee, dear Saviour,
He ne'er on us had smiled.
- 5 Now by thy life of sorrow,
And by thy death of pain ;
We 'll rise on some blest morrow,
With Christ to live again.
- 6 Then we shall give the glory
To Father, Spirit, Son ;
In heaven repeat the story,
While ceaseless ages run.

COMMON.

208.

- L**ET children bless the Saviour's name,
And sing his wondrous grace ;
Who from the realms of glory came,
To save our sinful race.
- 2 Though he was rich in heaven above,
From all eternity ;

He left his greatness out of love
For sinners such as we.

3 The poorest child is scarce so poor
As Jesus Christ became ;
When, our salvation to procure,
He bore our sin and shame.

4 A manger for his cradle bed
Received him at his birth ;
He had not where to lay his head,
Though Lord of heaven and earth.

5 Lord Jesus ! while we sing thy grace,
We love thee and adore ;
But when in heaven we see thy face,
Our souls shall love thee more.

SEVENS AND SIXES.

209.

MONTGOMERY.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth ;

Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace the herald go,
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end :
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever ;
 His name to us is—Love.

COMMON.

210.

SIGOURNEY.

Close of the year.

O THOU, who dwellest in the heavens,
 Whom angels love and fear,
 Who giv'st us in thy tender love
 To close another year,—

2 Did'st for our many daily wants
 Unceasingly provide,
 And grant us friends and parents dear
 Our thoughtless steps to guide,—

3 When sickness smote our feeble frames,
 Did'st take away our pain,
 And e'en when others sought the grave,
 Restored our health again,—

- 4 And bade the lamp of knowledge shine
With radiance full and free,
And sent thy holy Book to show
The path that leads to thee,—
- 5 O! give us good and grateful hearts
Thy mercy to endure,
And take our spirits, when we die,
Where they can praise thee more.

COMMON.

211.

EDMESTON.

The same subject.

- W**HILE through another rolling year,
The care of God we trace ;
What bounties of HIS hand have crown'd
Each moment of its space !
- 2 His mercy loads each passing hour
With some new mark of good ;
And gives us, as our wants return,
Our home, and clothes, and food.
- 3 Our lives, our health, and all we have,
Our parents and our friends,
Are all among the bounteous store
Of blessings that he sends.
- 4 Yet the rich treasures of his grace
Are better far than they ;
O let us from our inmost hearts
For these best blessings pray.

LONG.

212.

WESLEY.

The same subject.

PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
 And all that now in bodies live,
 Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears
 Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
 May mansions for themselves prepare,
 In that eternal house above,
 And, O my God, shall I be there ?

MISSIONARY.

SEVENS AND SIXES. 213.

HEBER.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :

2 Vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! O, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim ;
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,—
 And you, ye waters, roll,—
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

LONG.

214.

WATTS.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 In every star thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold thy Word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days, thy power confess.

- But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall the spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, and feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness ! arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light :
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

SEVENS.

215.

MARSDEN.

- G**O, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly ;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner cross on high !
- 2 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast
- 3 Visit ev'ry heathen soil,
Ev'ry barren, burning strand,
Bid each dreary region shine,
Lovely as the promised land.

4 In yon wilds of stream and shade
Many an Indian wigwam trace ;
And with words of love persuade
Savages to sue for grace.

5 Circumnavigate the ball—
Visit ev'ry soil and sea ;
Preach the cross of Christ to all ;
Jesus' love is full and free.

LONG.

216.

VOX.

BEHOLD th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear,
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow,
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

3 Come, let us with a grateful heart
In the blest labour share a part ;
Our prayers and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

4 Invite the world to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love ;
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assured they shall acceptance meet.

SEVENS AND SIXES. 217.

- T**O thee, O bless'd Saviour,
 Our grateful songs we raise
 O, tune our hearts and voices
 Thy holy name to praise,
 2 'Tis by thy sov'reign mercy,
 We're here allow'd to meet,
 To join with friends and teachers,
 Thy blessing to entreat.
 3 O may thy precious gospel
 Be publish'd all abroad,
 Till each benighted nation
 Shall know and serve the Lord.
 4 Till o'er the wide creation
 The ways of truth shall shine.
 And all who sit in darkness
 Arise to light divine.

LONG. 218.

- A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake !
 Put on thy strength—the nations shake,
 And let the world, adoring see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
 "I am Jehovah—God alone :"
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt !
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In ev'ry land, of ev'ry name ;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—*Lord of all.*

LONG.

219.

WATTS

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run :
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet ;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

SHORT.

220.

O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne ;
And plead for all the human race
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread thro' the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways ;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise !

LONG

221. WATTS & WESLEY.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring ;
In songs of praise divinely sing ;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name !

4 In every land begin the song,
To every land the strains belong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

SEVENS AND SIXES. 222.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd ;
And be the shout **HOSANNA**
Re-echoed through the world :
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

CHORUS.

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd ;
And be the shout **Hosanna**
Re-echoed through the world.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O **JESUS**, King of kings !
Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
Each ransom'd captive sings ;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

CHORUS.

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd ;
And be the shout **Hosanna**
Re-echoed through the world.

SEVENS.

223.

MONTGOMERY

HARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
 God omnipotent, shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway :
 He shall reign when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away !
 Then the end ;—beneath his rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

ANNIVERSARY.

COMMON.

224.

GREAT God, before thy sacred throne
 A youthful tribe draws near ;
 To praise thee, for thy mercies shown
 Through every passing year.
 'Tis thine indulgent care prolongs
 Our transitory days ;

And, in return, demands our songs
Of gratitude and praise.

3 What numbers of our helpless race
Are left to run astray;
While we are brought to seek thy face,
And shown the narrow way.

4 When time with us shall be no more,
O may we meet above,
To sing, on heaven's eternal shore,
Thy kind redeeming love.

PECULIAR. 225.

CHILDREN.

COME, let our voices join
To sing a song of praise :
For favours so divine
Our grateful notes we'll raise.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise belongs,
His love demands your noblest songs.

CHILDREN.

2 When wand'ring far astray,
In paths of vice and sin,
You kindly pointed out
The danger we were in.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone be all the praise,
Who turns your feet from sinful ways

CHILDREN.

3 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine ;
Where our Redeemer's love
Through all the pages shine.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

CHILDREN.

4 Within these hallow'd walls
Our youthful feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise abound,
And heavenly truths are taught.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your praises bring,
And with his saints his glories sing.

CHILDREN.

5 For favours such as these
Our grateful thanks receive ;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give.

CONGREGATION.

Great God, accept their infant songs,
To thee alone the praise belongs.

CHORUS.

6 Lord, let this glorious work
Be crown'd with large success !

May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless !
Then shall thy praise be sounded high,
Throughout a vast eternity.

COMMON. 226.

LORD, we are spared again to meet
On this rejoicing day !
To bow before thy mercy-seat,
To praise thee, and to pray.

2 Many, since last we gather'd here,
Have pass'd away like flowers ;—
Perhaps, before another year,
Their dwelling may be ours !

3 To Jesus every eye we raise,
On him for mercy rest ;
Young children, in his mortal days,
He folded to his breast ;

4 Young children, at his Father's side,
He still with pity views,
And, pleading that for such he died,
Their sinful hearts renews.

5 Lord, to thine open arms we fly,
And seek our safety there ;
Then shall we have no fear to die,
If thou our hearts prepare.

COMMON.

227.

MONTGOMERY.

HOSANNA be the children's song
To Christ the children's King ;
His praise to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard ;
Let infants at the breast be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

5 Hosanna then our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King ;
This is the children's jubilee,
Let all the children sing.

COMMON.

228.

A GAIN the kind revolving year
Has brought this happy day !
And we in God's blest house appear,
Again our vows to pay.

- 2 Our watchful guardians, robed in light,
Adore the heavenly King :
Ten thousand thousand seraphs bright
Incessant praises sing.
- 3 They know no want, they feel no care
Nor ever sigh as we ;
Sorrow and sin are strangers there,
And all is harmony.
- 4 If aught can there enhance their bliss,
Or raise their raptures higher,
New joys in heaven at sights like this,
New anthems fill the choir.
- 5 With what resembling care and love
Both worlds for us appear !
Our friendly guardians, those above,
Our benefactors here.

PECULIAR.

229.

O FATHER of ail,
The great and the small,
The old and the young,
Thanksgiving accept from a stammerer's tongue
Thy goodness we praise
For providing a place,
For calling us here,
To be mildly brought up in thy nurture and fear

2 Thy mercy and truth,
In the days of our youth,

We learn to adore,
And gladly acknowledge thy wisdom and power
Thy astonishing plan
To recover lost man,
With the heavenly choir
We are taught in the morning of life to admire.

3 Thy favour we find
In the Friend of mankind,
Sent down from above,
The witness and proof of thy fatherly love :
With joy we embrace
Thy tenders of grace,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And accept our salvation in Jesus's name.

4 Thy mercy hath brought
Salvation unsought
To us and to all ;
And all may be saved if they follow the call .
We follow it here
Till the Saviour appear
His saints to approve,
And carry us up to his kingdom above.

SHORT.

230.

TAYLOR

WE thank the Lord above,
Who cares for children thus ;
And sends his people, out of love,
To teach and pray for us.

- 2 We humbly join the prayers
As grateful children should ;
Unless we add our own to theirs,
They cannot do us good.
- 3 O ! make us all sincere,
And thankful to be taught ; ,
And careful every word we hear,
To mind it as we ought.
- 4 For here we learn the way
That leads to God and heaven ;
And how such helpless sinners may
Have all their sins forgiven.
- 5 We thank the Lord, who shows
His love and mercy thus ;
And pray that he would smile on those
Who teach and pray for us.

LONG.

231.

HOW great thy mercies, Lord, appear
To us through every passing year ;
Thy word and providence combine
To prove thy favours all divine.

2 Thy goodness brought us to this place,
Where we are taught to seek thy face,
And blest each teacher with a heart
To act to us so kind a part.

3 By them our wand'ring feet are led
To seek the courts that Christians tread,

To hear thy messengers proclaim
Glad tidings through a Saviour's name.

4 Thy blessing, gracious Lord, impart,
To sanctify each youthful heart ;
And send thy Holy Spirit down,
That we may live to thee alone.

5 Let thy rich favours now descend
On every teacher, every friend ;
May we with them in heaven above
All meet to praise redeeming love.

COMMON.

232.

TO thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,
Our early offerings bring ;
Deign to accept our infant lays,
And tune our lips to sing.

2 Like Samuel, we were early bro
Within this sacred place ;
O ! may we by thy grace be taught
Early to seek thy face.

3 Thy Holy Spirit deign to give,
And sanctify our hearts,
That we may thankfully receive
The teaching he imparts.

4 Then to the Lord, who reigns on high,
All glory shall ascend,
To Jesus, through eternity,
Our hymns of praise extend.

COMMON.

233.

ON this auspicious, happy day,
 What incense shall we bring?
 What grateful, humble homage pay
 To our Almighty King?

2 Be his dread name on earth confess'd
 As 'tis by those above;
 What is th' employment of the blest
 But to adore and love?

3 That breath which we from Heaven receive
 We thus in hymns restore;
 And, while we on his bounty live,
 We wonder and adore.

4 Rescued from misery and shame,
 We'll all our future days
 Our great Creator's love proclaim,
 And live but to his praise.

5 May heart, and voice, and life combine
 His goodness to express;
 May all that hear us with us join,
 And our Redeemer bless.

SEVENS AND SIXES. 234.

PHILIPS.

WE bring no glitt'ring treasures;
 No gems from earth's deep mine,
 We come with simple measures
 To chant thy love divine.

Children, thy favours sharing,
 Their voice of thanks would raise ;
 Father, accept our offering,
 Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
 Love's written word of truth,
 To us is early given,
 To guide our steps in youth ;
 We hear the wond'rous story,
 The tale of Calvary ;
 We read of homes in glory,
 From sin and sorrow free.

3 Saviour ! grant us thy blessing !
 O ! teach us how to pray,
 That each thy fear possessing,
 May tread life's onward way ;
 Then where the pure are dwelling
 We'll hope to meet again,
 And sweeter numbers swelling,
 We'll join to praise thy name.

TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

SHORT.

235.

WESLEY.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil :
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

LONG.

236.

MAY we who teach the rising race,
Be fill'd, O Lord, with every grace ;
And may thy Spirit from above
Descend and bless our work of love.

2 Thy grace to those we teach impart,
O Lord, renew each youthful heart ;
Help them from every sin to flee,
And dedicate their lives to thee.

3 May we in love to them abound,
And zealous in the work be found ;
And many seals may we obtain,
To prove our labour's not in vain.

4 When at thine awful bar they stand,
O welcome them to thy right hand,
To join with us the heavenly lays,
And sing our great Redeemer's praise.

COMMON.

237.

ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But bid it yield a hundred-fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

PECULIAR.

238.

TAYLOR.

THOU, who didst with love and blessing
Gather Zion's babes to thee,
Still a Saviour's love expressing,
Now the babes of Zion see;

- Bless the labours
That would bring them up for thee.
- 2 Smile upon the weak endeavour,
Vain, if thou thy smile deny;
Lo! they rise,—to live for ever!
Train, O! train them for the sky:
Ne'er may Satan
Plunder Zion's nursery.
- 3 Let no self-applauding feeling,
Naught of praise from mortals won,
O'er the heart infectious stealing,
Poison what our hands have done:
Raise the motives,
Sink the pride of every one.
- 4 Love to thee, and pure affection
For the lambs that need a fold,
These will give our zeal direction,
And prevent its growing cold;
Or support us,
If we should no fruit behold.
- 5 Yet, with humble fervour bending
We that blessing would entreat;
On the infant heart descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet;
Straight to Zion
Turn the young inquirer's feet.
- 6 Then, when long we both have slumber'd,
Side by side, in common dust,

With thy ransom'd people number'd
 With th' assembly of the just,
 Child and teacher,
 Saviour ! own our humble trust.

LONG.

239.

WHERE two or three with sweet accords
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise :

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be
 Amid this little company ;
 To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word :
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

COMMON.

240.

BRACKENBURY

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
 The gift of saving grace ;
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heavenly root ;
 But fairest in the youngest shows,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.

SHORT. 241.

HOW serious is the charge,
To train the infant mind ;
'Tis God alone must give the heart
To such a work inclined.

2 May we in Christian bonds
The Christian name adorn,
By active deeds for public good,
Nor mind the sinner's scorn.

3 While wicked men unite
Our youth to lead aside ;
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.

4 Dependant, Lord, on thee,
Our humble means to bless ;
We gladly join our heart and hands,
And look for large success.

COMMON. 242.

ALmighty Father ! God of love !
Our supplications hear ;
Attend in mercy from above
To our united prayer.

2 For blessings on the rising race,
We bow before thy throne ;
O may the Spirit of thy grace
Our feeble efforts own.

3 May children and their teachers rise,
In heaven's triumphant throng,
And join to sing their Saviour's praise,
In an eternal song.

SEVENS.

243.

EDMESTON

S AVIOUR, while thy servants meet,
To lead children to thy feet,
Be thou present with them there,
Hear their praise, and grant their prayer.

2 Thou, on earth, didst condescend
To appear the infant's friend ;
Surely now thou art above,
Children share not less thy love.

3 We are meeting in thy sight ;
Aid our councils, guide us right,
Warm our hearts, and may we know
Sweetest feeling's warmest glow.

4 O, may many a plant be found
Blooming on this sacred ground,
Whose fair fruits and flowers shall be
Earnest that it blooms for thee.

COMMON.

244.

WESLEY.

J ESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke ;
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink ;
Baptize into thy name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave ;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

LONG

245.

GREAT God, our feeble efforts own,
And crown our labours with success ;
Grant that the seed in weakness sown,
May soon be raised in righteousness.

- 2 Thy mercy to our pupils show,
And let their souls before thee live ;
For we may plant and water too,
But thou alone canst increase give.

- 3 Seal our instructions on each heart,
And teach them to observe thy ways;
Lead them to choose the better part,
And serve thee in their youthful days;
4 Then we and they when time shall end,
With joy shall meet thee in the sky;
Before thy gracious footstool bend,
And praise thee through eternity.

EIGHTS AND SIXES. 246.

WESLEY.

- E**XCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best-concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.
2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name!
3 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine:
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine!

LONG.

247.

ETERNAL Being! Source of love!

Permit us to approach thy seat;
We have an Advocate above,
And plead his merits at thy feet.

2 Us thou hast call'd to labour here,
To train the rising race for heaven;
O may we do it in thy fear,
And use the talents thou hast given.

3 What can we do without thine aid?
Therefore to thee for help we fly;
O may we never be dismay'd,
For thou canst every want supply.

4 In some thy love a work has wrought,
Which time we trust will not efface;
May all their tender minds be brought
To taste the riches of thy grace!

5 Lord! we will pray and labour still,
And sow the seed with heart sincere;
And if it be thy heavenly will,
Soon may more pleasing fruits appear.

COMMON.

248.

RUSLING

JESUS, assembled in thy name,
We bow the suppliant knee,
And as the ancient mothers came,
We bring our charge to thee.

2 O thou, good Shepherd of the sheep,
Who didst thy life lay down,
These objects of thy goodness keep,
And guard them as thine own.

3 Fold them within thy kind embrace,
And feed them with thy love ;
Till they are call'd to see thy face,
In brighter worlds above.

SIX LINES EIGHTS. 249.

WESLEY

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry :
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply !
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Answer on them the end of all
Our cares, and pains, and studies here ;
On them recover'd from their fall,
Stamp'd with the humble character !
Raised by the nature of the Lord,
To all their paradise restored.

3 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind ;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind :
In knowledge pure their minds renew ;
And store with thoughts divinely true.

- 4 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off, and cast aside ;
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide :
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forgo
The knowledge fit for man to know.
- 5 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital piety :
Learning and holiness combined,
And truth and love let all men see,
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.
- 6 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide !
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confest and glorified ;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth is fill'd with God.

COMMON.

250.

HOW should our souls delight to bless
The God of truth and grace,
Who crowns our labours with success
Among the rising race.

- 2 Numbers of those who buried lay
In darkest shades of night ;
Emerging thence, behold a day
Of glorious gospel light.

3 Their joyful tongues, employ'd to praise
 God's all-redeeming love,
 To him their sweet hosannas raise,
 While they his mercies prove.

4 God's word is made their rule and guide,
 They own their guilt and shame ;
 And glory in Christ crucified,
 And magnify his name.

5 Not unto us, not unto us,
 Be praise and glory given,
 But unto him who bore the curse,
 The Lord of earth and heaven.

6 To him we all this tribute owe,
 Who fills a gracious throne ;
 Since all the good that's done below,
 Is done by him alone.

LONG.

251.

WESLEY.

O THOU, who camest from above,
 The pure celestial fire t' impart,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
 With inextinguishable blaze :
 And trembling to its source return,
 In humble prayer and fervent praise !

3 Jesus confirm my heart's desire
 To work, and speak, and think for thee ;

Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me !

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete !

LONG. 252.

HERE, gracious God, beneath thy feet,
Friends to the young and thee we meet,
Join'd by the cord of mutual love,
Bound to our common Friend above.

2 Our hearts thy throne of grace address ;
Smile on our schools, the children bless,
For Jesus' sake, who once on earth
Appear'd a child of lowly birth.

3 Bless all the plans which we devise,
May they be useful, good, and wise ;
While we our humble labours bend
Thy glorious kingdom to extend.

4 May wisdom, zeal, and love inspire
Our bosoms with their purest fire ;
While faith on thine own word relies,
And hope looks joyful to the skies.

5 Grant us thy presence, God of grace,
Now while we meet before thy face ;
And may we feel, ere we depart,
Thy love diffused through every heart.

COMMON.

253.

- B**EFORE thy throne, O God, we bow,
 And breathe our humble prayer ;
 O ! may our waiting spirits now
 Thy promised presence share !
- 2 We ask the influence of thy truth.
 To sanctify each heart,
 That rightly to the hopeful youth
 We may thy word impart.
- 3 Richly may we and they enjoy
 Thy friendship from above ;
 And all our energies employ
 To celebrate thy love.
- 4 Thus may our lips proclaim thy praise,
 Till Sunday schools shall cease ;
 Then rise to utter tuneful lays,
 In everlasting peace.

COMMON.

254.

WESLEY.

- T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart ;
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart !
- 2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear,
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.

- 3 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 4 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below !
- 5 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride ;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

SHORT.

255.

WESLEY.

O LET us still proceed
In Jesus' work below ;
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

2 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end !

3 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet !
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

- 4 The church of the first-born,
 We shall with them be blest,
 And crown'd with endless joy, return
 To our eternal rest.

COMMON.

256.

WESLEY.

MADE apt by Thy sufficient grace
 To teach as taught by thee,
 Help us to train in all thy ways
 Our rising progeny.

- 2 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
 The wisdom from above ;
 To touch their hearts with filial fear,
 And pure ingenuous love.
- 3 To watch their will, to sense inclined,
 Withhold the hurtful food ;
 And gently bend their tender mind,
 And draw their souls to God.

LONG.

257.

WESLEY.

AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face,
 For all who feel thy work begun ;
 Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
 And bring thy feeblest children on !

- 2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their
 names,
 Be mindful of thy youngest care ;
 Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
 And gently in thy bosom bear !

3 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure,
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

EIGHTS AND SEVENS. 258.

NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

EIGHTS AND SEVENS. 259.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!

DOXOLOGIES.

SEVENS.

260.

MONTGOMERY.

GLORY to the Father give,
 God, in whom we move and live ;
 Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
 Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ, our prophet, priest, and king ;
 Children, raise your sweetest strain,
 To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost ;
 Be this day a pentecost !
 Children's minds may he inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the gospel from above,
 For the word that " God is love."

PECULIAR.

261.

GOD our Father, great Creator !
 At thy feet we humbly bow ;
 Gratitude for boundless favour
 Should in praise for ever flow !
 Great Jehovah !
 Praise to thee is ever due.

2 Gracious Jesus, mighty Saviour !
 Hear our lisplings to thy praise ;
 Thou didst bless such little children,
 And invite them near thy face.

Son of David !

Loud hosannas to thy name.

3 Holy Spirit ! take thy dwelling
 In these sinful hearts of ours ;

Purify us by thy graces,
 Sanctify our inmost powers.

Source of comfort !

Lighten our benighted minds.

4 Show us all thy great salvation,
 Lead us in the way of truth ;
 Keep us safe from all temptation,
 Be the Guardian of our youth.

O protect us

Through this wilderness of wo !

LONG.

262.

WATTS.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, three in one ;
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

COMMON.

263.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

LONG.

265.

BISHOP KEN.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SIX SEVENS.

264.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done :
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

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